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ADVERTISER *SAVING PRIVATE RYAN*

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE *THE LITTLE RANGER FOREST RANGERS (EP. #216)*

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET *WMAZ*

(*7:00 PM*)
TIME

(*SEPTEMBER 15, 1955*)
DATE

(*WEDNESDAY*)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER:

"Ours is the Forest Ranger's Song"

MUSIC:

Quartet, Ranger's Song.

ANNOUNCER:

Back in the days when Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett
tramped the woods with powder horn and musket,
wilderness was realm of great good provision.
Knowledge it took longer however, to stay out here
for woods and what you breakfast. Hunting is now
a sport instead of a necessity. In order to preserve
this sport for us, and to conserve and utilize wild
game, the U.S. Forest Service, with the cooperation
of the Biological Service and other agencies, is
developing extensive and thorough plans of game
management in the National Forests. Refuges are set
aside within the National Forests where no hunting is
permitted. State game laws are strictly enforced.
Every effort is made by the Forest Officers to keep the
game population at a desirable figure.

James Lee Robbins and his assistant Jerry Quinn,
are now making plans and preparations for the hunting
season which will here open in the Pine Cone National
Forest. We find them today at the Pine Cone Ranger
Station, getting ready for a day's work in the field ---

JERRY: (FADE IN) Now, Jim, did I tell you I got a letter yesterday from Doc LaGrange, that friend of mine who's a flyer?

JIM: No you didn't, Jerry. Is he still out there?

JERRY: He isn't out, says he's going to fly up here today to see us. You know, I wrote and asked him to see getting along.

BESS: (FADE IN) Isn't this a wonderful service? The air's so crisp it feels like we might be having fall already.

JERRY: It sure does, Mrs. Robbins. Put the old guy into your car. If this good weather holds out we'll have a first-rate hunting season.

BESS: I heard the hotel's already started getting reservations from hunting parties.

JIM: And we have applications for several special deer permits for some parties that want to fly up hunting canvas up in the timber.

JERRY: More than last year, aren't there?

JIM: Yes there are.

SOUND: (PLANE FLYING OVER)

JERRY: A good season will keep up the tourist trade around here a while, anyway.

JIM: You - - - Any, isn't that a place I hear?

BESS: Where's that, Jim?

JIM: A place - abundant pretty place.

JERRY: Sure, there it is, look at it. (FADE & CUT) What he Bob. Maybe we can see him from the window.

BESS: Are you going to take some more old new pictures, Jim?

JIM: Not today, Bess.

JERRY: (OFF) There he is, landing on our field.

JIM: Recognize the place, Jerry?

JERRY: No, I don't. (FADE IN) But it must be Bob.

JIM: You'll get to see him before we leave, at least.

JERRY: Are all the signs in the pickup?

JIM: I put in all we have. Think there'll be enough?

BESS: What signs are those, Jim?

JIM: We want to get our game refuge well posted. Bess. Hunting season opens pretty soon, you know.

BESS: Oh, I hope the hunters don't kill too many of those pretty deer.

JIM: They won't, Bess. We're trying to regulate the hunting as we keep the number of deer just about what the Forest can carry. If there got to be too many of 'em, they wouldn't be enough food to go around, and they'd starve to death. I guess some just trying to help nature sorts take care of things properly.

SOUND (DOOR OPENS, OFF)

JERRY: Hello, Mary. Say, you're up right now, are you?

SOUND (DOOR CLOSING)

MARY: (FADING IN) Hello, everybody. Isn't it a grand morning?

JIM: How are you, Mary?

MARY: I'm lovely. Thank you, Mr. Robinson.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) We can see that, Miss.

MARY: Oh, but I... I... I didn't mean it that way.

BESS: Mary's school going now?

MARY: Splendid. We aren't meeting her today, though. They're
a board meeting in Willow Glen.

JIM: Then you're having a vacation already?

MARY: Yes. Did you? or there's no airplane to the field with
back? I saw it land as I came in.

JERRY: Yeah, we saw it. It's Bob LaCorte. You remember him,
don't you?

MARY: You mean that friend of yours who's so handsome? Of
course I remember him.

JERRY: Hum?-- Yeah-- Yeah, that's who I mean.

MARY: Is he better now?

Page 11

JERRY: Yes, he's all right. I wrote to tell him he was out of his shower yesterday, saying he was going to fly up to see us today.

JERRY: He must be all right if he can fly all planes.

TIM: I reckon it wasn't as serious as we thought.

JERRY: He didn't say exactly what he felt like —

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR---OPEN IMMEDIATELY)

BOB: (OFF) Hi, folks. How I hope I'm

JERRY: Hello, Bob. Come on in. We were just talking about you.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSING)

BOB: (FADE IN) Hello, Miss Holloway.

JERRY: I'm glad to see you again. Mr. McCormack just said you were waiting as he had a letter from you.

BOB: The boys wanted me to try out his new shorts, so I thought I'd say you a hello.

TIM: Give us a look at them on the high light (strong man)

BOB: I got out of my laundry in here too. Then one of them took out at the hospital that it was something. Now he gave an operation.

JERRY: I'm awfully glad you're all right now. We were worried about you.

BOB:

Well, I saved you a lot of trouble for bringing me and my ship in without a scratch. That took plenty of nerve, fellin'. Both of us might have been passing up business now if you hadn't used your head the way you did.

JERRY:

(LAUGHS) Aw, that was beginner's luck.

BOB:

It was a lot more than that --- Say, how about taking a little turn with me today?

JERRY:

See, I'd like to, Bob, but we've got so much work to do around here I couldn't take the time.

BOB:

That's tough, I sure would like to show you this new ship I'm flying. She's a special model the boss had built for his own use.

JERRY:

Maybe you can bring it along with you the next time you have a job up here.

BOB:

Probably couldn't get it. Maybe Miss Holloway and Mrs. Robbins would like to do some flying.

MARY:

Oh, I'd love it, wouldn't you, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS:

I think I would, Mary, but I couldn't go today.

MARY:

It'll be marvelous. I'm crazy to go, really.

BOB:

Now's your chance. You'll like the plane, too, she's a beauty.

MARY:

I know I shall.

BOB: We call her the "Sally Regan" -- Say, Jerry, remember, wasn't that the name of that flabby red head you used to be so crazy about when we were in college?

JERRY: Red head? -- which one--- I mean, I don't remember --

BOB: Sure, you know. The dizzy red head that used to manicure her nails in class. Sally Regan, her name was.

JERRY: Oh---yes--- I guess I remember some one by that name --

BOB: Come to think of it, I saw in the paper awhile back, where she's suing a broker in Chicago for breach of promise. (LAUGHS) Gee, she was a riot, that girl.

JERRY: (LAUGHS HEAVILY) Yeah--- she was --- wasn't she -- at -- (TRYING TO BE CASUAL! --- Well, Jim, I reckon you and I ought to be gettin' up tomorrow that game referee if we're goin' today.

JIM: That's right, Jerry. Well, Bob, you'll have to stand up and visit us often, now that you're located Jerry.

BOB: Thank you, Mr. Robbins, I'll sure do that.

JERRY: Let me know when you can get around again, Bob.

BOB: Sure thing. Sorry you can't go today.

JERRY: So am I. So long. 'Eve, Mary. (FADING) Goodbye, Mrs. Robbins. I've got the stuff loaded in the pick-up, Jim.

MUSIC: Introduce

SOUND: (FADE IN HAMMERING FOR 3 or 4 STROKES, THEN STOP)

JIM: (FADE IN) Hand we nailed nail, Jerry -- (PAUSE)
 -- Hey, Jerry! Another nail. (CHUCKLES)

JERRY: Nail? -- Oh, sure. Here Jim. Guess I was nailed
 on my feet.

JIM: Thinking about that little red headed friend of
 yours that Bob was talking about? (CHUCKLES)

JERRY: I wish Bob hadn't said anything about her. I'm
 afraid Mary'll think I -- well, disagree it, I don't
 know what she will think.

JIM: I should think you need to worry much, son.

JERRY: I'm not so sure. Women are kind of hard about things
 like that.

SOUND: (HAMMERING)

JIM: Well, Jerry, I reckon we men are just as hard about
 some other things -- (CHUCKLES) -- There, I guess
 that sign won't fall down very soon.

JERRY: Looks like we'll need more signs than we have in the
 pickup, Jim.

JIM: 'Fraid so, Jerry. I want this game refuge to be
 well marked, so there won't be any chance of hunters
 not seeing the signs.

JERRY: It's plain enough. (READING) "Game Refuge - No
 Hunting or Trapping" Can't see any chance for not
 seeing that.

Page 10

TIM: I'm a little bit surprised at the way you're all
interested in wild shooting on a game refuge. --
By the way, did you know, Jerry, we have a special
reserve over in Oregon on the Malheur National Forest.
That's open only to archers. The only kind of hunting
allowed there is with bow and arrow.

JERRY: They oughta call it Sherwood Forest - like Robin
Hood's.

TIM: Maybe so. I understand some of the archers are dead
shots with these things.

JERRY: Sure, I couldn't hit the side of a mountain with one.
-- Look, Tim. There's an old sign that needs replacing.

TIM: I should say it needs shot full of holes.

JERRY: That's all some of these would-be hunters say. --
They ought to send boys like that back to kindergarten.
Give me the hammer, Tim. I'll take care of some.

TIM: Here you are.

SOUND: (HAMMERING) (BATTLE OF TIN CANS) (HAMMERING STOPS)

JERRY: Wants to see that old sign look with us?

TIM: Yes, we should want to know if there's a flutter up the
place. Harold's a new sign to put up.

JERRY: Okay.

SOUND: (HAMMERING)

JERRY: I wonder if Bob and Mary got back all right.

SOUND: (HAMMERING STOP)

JIM: I reckon they did. It was nice of that young fellow to take Mary with him.

JERRY: Yeah -- I guess it was -- I wonder if --

JIM: (LAUGHING) Well, well, Jerry.

JERRY: What's so funny?

JIM: Look at your sign.

JERRY: The sign? -- Oh -- Well, I'll be doggoned. It's upside down.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) That's what it looks like to me.

JERRY: Gee, that's funny.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Yeah, it's funny, all right. Well, (CHUCKLING) looks to me like you ain't going to be much use today, with you worryin' and fretting about the schoolin' so much.

JERRY: I'm not worrying about Mary. She can take care of herself.

SOUND: (HAMMERING, 5 or 6 STROKES, THEN STOP)

JERRY: Hey, Jim, I wonder if Mary's going to stay for supper tonight.

JIM: I couldn't say, Jerry. Suppose you drive that wall the rest of the way into the sign (FADING)

MUSIC: (INTERLUDE)

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND SHUT)

JIM: (FADE IN) M-h-m something smells pretty good, Jerry, whatever it is. I'm hungry as all git out.

JERRY: So am I. (CALLING) Mrs. Robbins, is Mary here?

BESS: (OFF) Here she is, out here, Jerry.

MARY: (FADE IN) Did you want me, Jerry?

JERRY: Oh, hello, Mary. I didn't know whether you'd be here or not.

MARY: Yes, I'm here.

JERRY: (LAUGHS SLIGHTLY) Yes, I see you are ---- Did you have a nice ride with Bob?

MARY: I should say I did. It was simply grand. I haven't had so much fun for a long time. We went all over the forest, way past Willow Glen and then circled around to the other side of the Scrappy Mountain range. We were up a long time, but it just seemed like a few minutes, it was so glorious. Bob's going to teach me to fly some time, he says.

JERRY: Oh, you call him Bob, do you?

MARY: Yes, isn't that his name?

JERRY: Of course it is, but --- you --- well ---

MARY: What is it, Jerry?

JERRY: Oh--- nothing!

MARY: We looked for you today, when we were flying over the forest, but we couldn't see you anywhere.

JERRY: (GRUFFLY) We were working.

MARY: (GOADING) I'm awfully sorry you couldn't go with us, Jerry. But Bob and I had a wonderful time together. He's so clever, and he's been so many places I've always wanted to see. He told me all about them. And he told me how his father lost all his money and what a terrible time they had trying to hang on to whatever they could. Bob took up aviation because it was the only thing he really cared for. Oh, we got to be awfully good friends before he left.

JERRY: Well, I should say you did. This is only the second time you ever met him.

MARY: What if it is? At least I don't have a pack full of "snappy red heads" who get in breach of promise suits. (FADING) That's something to be said in my favor.

JERRY: Wait a minute, Mary. Wait a minute. (FADE A BIT) That was when I was only a young kid at college. I didn't know any better then. And, anyway, she gave me the — (IN) Ah, Goggles it. A guy doesn't have a chance. She's sure now and won't give me a chance to explain. — She is.

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ABSTRACT

On the 22nd of February 1936, a copy of the
 First and Second World War, as a presentation
 of the National Broadcasting Company, with the
 cooperation of the United States Postal Service

on 2/22/36
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